

"The principle I state, and mean to stand upon is—that the entire ownership of Ireland, moral and material, up to the sun and down to the centre is vested of right in the people of Ireland."

James Fintan Lalor.

# THE IRISH WORKER

## And People's Advocate.

Who is it speaks of defeat?  
I tell you a cause like ours;  
Is greater than defeat can know—  
It is the power of powers.  
As surely as the earth rolls round  
As surely as the glorious sun  
Brings the great world moon-wave,  
Must our Cause be won!

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Edited by Jim Larkin.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCTOBER 14th, 1911.

[ONE PENNY.]

### Rutland Square and Britain St. Flunkeys Insult Parnell.

It will be within the recollection of the readers of THE IRISH WORKER that proposals were made recently to change the names of Rutland square and Gt. Britain street to Parnell square and Parnell street, respectively. The proposals mentioned seem to have roused into action a certain number of anti-National and flunkey microbes who infest both the places mentioned, with the result that they have sent forward to the Municipal Council protests against the proposed changes.

To us it seems a pity that the names of the gallant WEST BRITONS who think the name of Rutland superior to Parnell, should "rest in the shade," and so we propose to place them in all the glory of print.

"Sunshine and light," we are told, is death to microbes. We will try the prescription.

Here are the names of the persons, male and female, who think the name of Great Britain superior to that of Parnell as a street designation in Dublin:—

John Barrington & Sons, Ltd., soap manufacturers, 201-3.

John, "avie," how would it be if we considered Sunlight Soap superior to Barringtons', eh?

Williams & Woods, jam and sweet manufacturers; Robert Woods, director.

Bob, would you like if we thought Scott's jam looked better on our tables than Williams & Woods? Think it over, Bob.

Simpson's Hospital; George Hayes, secretary.

Now, who the d—l is George Hayes? However, no use "killing a fly with a steam-roller."

Fagan Bros. (9), publicans, one time "Irish-Irelanders."

Hughes, H. (28), saddler. Is it by Royal Appointment?

O'Connor, T. F. (28½), small shopkeeper.

Murphy, Mrs. (29), small shopkeeper.

River Plate Fresh Meat Co., "foreign" meat importers.

Manley, Joseph (37), dealer in bones.

Johnson, W., for Campania Sausinena De Carnes Congeladas (40).

Don't be alarmed at the foregoing, gentle reader, it's quite harmless.

M. S. Wilkinson, M.R.C.V.S. (171). Sounds big, doesn't it?

Sullivan, D. (59), butcher.

Nelson & Sons, per J. Lanue (64), foreign meat importers.

Fitzpatrick, Thomas (66), butcher.

Duggan, Wm S. (67), chemist.

Hennessy, James (70), per P. Fogarty, publican.

Mr. Fogarty, we understand, describes himself as a "Nationalist" (large N, Mr. Printer, please).

Larkin, Timothy (71), bootmaker.

Carson, Thomas (71A), tobacconist (any relation to Sir Edward?).

Rayor, Bros. (75), butchers.

National Institution for the Blind, per Wm. R. Armstrong, supt.

Kingdom of the Blind the one-eyed man is King."

Kibert, Maria (73), umbrella repairer.

Forster, Anne (72), jeweller.

Long, John (65), grocer.

M'Leally & Sons (63), butchers.

O'Brien & Ards (62), "Irish-Ireland" printers.

Dockery, Edward (61), Kelly's Drapery.

Riley, Frank (60), butcher.

Downes, Bros. (172) coachbuilders.

Curran, Joseph J. (56), "Irish" dairy.

Hart, Edward (53), butcher.

Swift Beef Co. (41), foreign meat importers.

O'Keefe, Ellen (199), tobacco and stationery.

Casey, Michael J. (200), tobacco and stationery.

Lule, John (198), brassfounder.

Murphy, James (7 and 8), who appropriately enough for a "Murphy" is a potato dealer.

Last, but not least, the imported English doctor, Henry Jellett, who rules over the Rotunda Hospital—a man who convicted of slandering the Editor of this paper, and had not the manliness to withdraw or apologise.

One of the firms mentioned above, Messrs. O'Brien & Ards, printers, 62 Gt. Britain street, are largely supported by "National" Societies, Gaelic League Branches, &c., &c.

We think an explanation due, at least for ourselves we wouldn't be inclined to place any orders until it had been given.

We now turn to Rutland square. The chief objector there has been Mr. William Conarchy, of Conarchy's Hotel, Rutland square, East.

Mr. William Conarchy is rather a versatile gentleman.

As a hotel-keeper, he protests against substituting the name of Parnell for that of Rutland. As a member of the A.O.H. Board of Erin he took part in the mighty demonstration held on Sunday Oct 1st in connection with the unveiling of the Parnell memorial.

What does Mr. J. D. Nugent think of "Brother" Conarchy?

With surprise and regret we notice the name of Rev. P. Dowling, O.P.

Across the Liffey, at the South side, there is a street called after another infamous Englishman of the Rutland tribe, who was responsible for putting forward a proposal for dealing with "Popish priests found within this Kingdom" by mutilating them in an unmentionable manner.

Would Father Dowling, O.P., be an objector to a proposal to wipe the name of that ruffian off one of Dublin's finest streets?

We append the names of the remaining flunkeys—

Mrs. Priscilla Downes, 1 Rutland sq., E.

Wm. Fottrell, 2 " "

Patrick M'Ardele, 13 " "

M. J. Kealy, 15 16 " "

Sarah O'Farrell, 21 " "

Susan M. Vaughan, 29 " "

E. P. Eustace, 30 " "

Paul Carton, 35 " "

Elizabeth O'Brien, 37 " "

M. J. O'Brien, 38 " "

Annie M. Goodman, 44 " "

Ed. M. Fannin, M.B., 3 " "

E. Pellissier, 9 " "

Graves Stoker, 45 " "

E. H. Lewis Crosby, 36 " "

John Toomey, 59 " "

William Conarchy, 7 " "

M. Burke Savage, 8 " "

O'Connell Delahoyde, 47 " "

J. J. Murphy, 5 " "

Anna Egat, 57-8 " "

Annie Mill, 56 " "

K. M. Gersaghty, 53 " "

Annie Staunton Kelly, 51 " "

James Conry, 48 " "

Daniel J. Keane, 45 " "

" " " " 40 " "

Jas. P. Dowling, O.P., 42 " "

Thos. Donnelly, M.D., 14 " "

Miss Edith O'Reilly, 19 " "

George Birney, 28 " "

George Jameson, 18 " "

James Allen, 50 " "

Christopher Friery, 52 " "

Andrew J. Keogh, 6 " "

### "GOD SAVE IRELAND."

#### R. C. BISHOPS AND THE STRIKE.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

SIR,—No doubt you will have seen by the daily Press the statement issued by the Roman Catholic bishops in reference to the recent strike. Now, as a statement it is admirable, and just what one ought to expect from such a comfortable, well-off body as the Irish Hierarchy, and, no doubt, expresses their point of view; but what of the poor white slave who has to bring up a family on 14s. a week? Must he wait until the Martins, the Dents, and the Gouldings have been convinced that there is a "sound public opinion, founded on Christian principles and keen on justice between man and man," before he can get a living wage and enable him to bring up his family like a free man and not like a slave? Or will their lordships, the bishops, inaugurate a missionary campaign to preach the gospel of justice between man and man to the Martins, Dents, Marphys, Gouldings, and all the other sweaters? If they want and if their contribution is to be only a pious wish, well the workers may expect very little help from their lordships, the bishops, and we will have to fall back on other leaders, who will lead us to obtain our just share of the wealth we create.—Mise,

TOMAS BREATHACH.

Encourage Irish Work.

GET PHOTOGRAPHED

AT

Finnerly's, ESTD. 1903.

Studios:

45 NORTHERN ST. and 77 AUNGIER ST., DUBLIN.

Best Work—Lowest Prices.

This Company undertakes to do per cent. of List Price. See our Bill at all Showers and Public Meetings.

### ABOUT STRIKES.

Strikes in the air, strikes in the street, strikes in office, in school, in factory, in railway station, strikes in the city, strikes all over the country; poverty, misery, starvation, discomfort, even death, and still they go on and will go on to the end for which they are destined. Day by day since the beginning of the fight the corrupt columns of our Irish Press have poured out volleys of abuse on the wretched strikers; day by day they have called in the name of the public for England's armed garrison to protect the capitalist employers against the workers. Not one word of strong sympathy, not one promise of assistance, not one token of needed fellowship to the men who are staking their very lives and homes on their sense of loyalty to each other in this cruel warfare. Pity for their wives and children is flung at them in plenty, contempt and ridicule for their actions, hopeless and foolish as they seem when viewed from the snug content of the cushioned carriage or the warm comfort of a sheltered fireside. In this chill October weather business men wrapped in warm overcoats meet in the streets and sit in trams or offices, talking of the fiendish conduct of the strikers who have interfered with THEIR business, with THEIR comfort, with THEIR arrangements, and cause them to lose a portion of the wealth which they consider their rightful inheritance. For even during all this time of unrest the wealthy are fed and housed in lavish comfort, while sometimes a few streets off other men and women are facing the struggle with patient courage, with burning hope, and a dauntless loyalty unknown to the wealthier classes of our citizens.

Ab, it is easy for those to be brave who have a good meal and a warm fireside awaiting them after a few hours work. It is easy for such to talk of attitudes and give advice to the strikers on their recent conduct. But will some of us who have never known the pangs of hunger give up our houses to shelter the poor, and our storehouses to feed them even for a single day, while we go down into the slums to shiver at their fireless hearths, and sit at their empty tables to discuss the situation. Perhaps our ideas, free from the scare-headed columns of the daily Press, will be somewhat changed by such an experience. Perhaps even our unseeing eyes will open to the sufferings of the Irish poor, and we will know something more of their lives, not only during the period of strike, but every day of the year without hope of the curtain lifting on a single hour of comfort such as we have known from our earliest childhood. It is said that Ireland has no need of socialism to work out her destiny, but if socialism means the annihilation of underpaid labour and the security of a living wage for all workers, then the sooner it becomes a fact in Ireland the better for our people. It is the down-trodden masses who are, after all, the most essentially Irish of our nation today. They have, it is true, little time or thought for patriotism; yet through our long centuries of injustice and persecution, they have kept alive the spark of nationhood and have been ever foremost in the fight when called on to defend their country. Is it not better that they should fight for fairer conditions at home rather than send their children to swell the long tide of emigration which is, after all, but a silent rebellion against the existing circumstances of Irish workers.

It is true we may consider the strike is unjustifiable at present, and that all other means should at first be resorted to for redress of grievances, but the workers will tell a different tale, and say that they have no other weapon by which to advance their cause. And after all these men must know their own minds best, for is not the strike more terrible for them in its grim tragedy than for any of us who are mere onlookers. To-night there are thousands in Ireland cold and hungry. To-morrow their number may be increased. They are downtrodden and despised by their masters; they are beaten for a time, but they wait their hour, which is coming perhaps sooner than we think when the labour masses, even in our impoverished country, shall come into their rightful inheritance. Are we then with all our advantages of education and social circumstances to turn aside from this clamouring crowd of our fellow-countrymen, merely because we happen to think they are misguided in their methods. Have we nothing to offer them but useless criticism or contemptuous disdain. Can we not face the situation boldly and try to understand the wants and claims of these unfortunate people, and if they still adhere to their opinions on the strike

question, is there no one of power and influence enough in Ireland to tell the railway magnates and other capitalists that they can no longer flout the wishes of the Irish workers.

For the day will be a sad one for Ireland when she looks to the capitalists throughout the country for her political or national salvation.

She will find herself cheated, betrayed, exploited by a band of mercenaries, the offspring of these ruthless adventurers who, from their first invasion, have seen only in our fertile country the means of swelling their plundered incomes. Many noble exceptions there have been and still are among the wealthy classes in Ireland to-day, yet without the masses of our people, who live on scanty food and little comfort, we cannot hope to build our future greatness. Let us at least remember that they form part of the public who complain of their present losses and suffering, and that what has been felt by us during the strike is little to what is suffered all the year round by those who live in the crowded byways of our cities and towns through Ireland.

There is little use in boasting of our coming liberty or of the greatness of Ireland's future Parliament unless it can demolish the awful poverty of our people and insure the means of comfort or the power to acquire it by honest work, to every man and woman within our shores.

No one who has studied our past history or who understands the Ireland of to-day can doubt that our National Independence would do much to bring about this happy result, for the men who for long years have themselves faced the odds of injustice and unscrupulous tyranny will surely remember to rule the Irish workers, not as masters, but as life-long friends.

L. McC.

### ABOUT OUR MOTOR CAR.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

A CARA—I suppose you are well aware of the estimation in which you and your Union are at present held by the vast majority of respectable people in Dublin. You do not need to be told that quite a number of good Christian heads and managers of business firms regard you as the curse of the country, and it is scarcely news to you that there are hundreds of otherwise, mild-mannered, God-fearing men, who readily declare themselves willing to murder you in the most blood-thirsty fashion, if they only had the chance—some that I have heard favoured the knife, others, actuated, perhaps, "by feelings of mercy, would have you shot." Not a few hold out for having you boiled—in oil for preference—but the vast majority would have you disposed of after the fashion of the youthful feline surplus.

What a desperate ruffian you are, to be sure! A leader of the rabble, a breeder of strife and class hatred, a Socialist, a critic of John Redmond! If you are not quite so bad as Robespierre or Marat it is because you haven't had the chance. Undoubtedly, if you did get the chance you'd be as bad or worse. You are ruining the industries of the country and carrying misery and famine into tens of thousands of Irish homes. You are callously indifferent to the feelings of the sufferers of the unfortunate wives and children of your wretched followers, and everybody knows that you are only in the organising business for what there is to be made out of it.

If you think that the well-informed readers of the Dublin daily Press don't know all about you, you're grievously mistaken. It is matter of common knowledge that but a few years ago you were a penniless adventurer—in fact I believe you went through the Bankruptcy Court. Now look at the difference! You cannot deny that you own a motor car, and that you have bought a house in Rathgar at a cost of £800. These items of information reach me through two priests in Dublin, who, I have no doubt, fully believe every word they say. Can you deny what they say? Do you mean to assert that your motor is not to be seen any afternoon in Beresford place, waiting to convey you either to your four-course dinner in one of the hotels in O'Connell street, or else to your palatial mansion in Rathgar?

We have all heard how you espouse the Temperance cause; but those who are in the know are sure that you have recently become the owner of a public house in Newry, and it is an open secret that you are making arrangements for the establishing of a mineral water factory on the North Wall, of which you are the sole proprietor.

Made by Trade Union Bakers.

## EAT FARRINGTON'S BREAD.

SWEETEST AND BEST. THE IRISH WORKERS' BAKER.

### To the Irish Worker

Buy your Shirts, Collars, Braces, Caps, &c., &c. (All made by Dublin Workers) at

## LOUGHLIN'S

Irish Outfitting Headquarters, 19 Parliament St., Dublin.

Prices Low—Quality High.

All these things mean money, and for a man, who, four years ago was penniless, you seem to have quite a lot. But, after all, that is easily explained. The poor fools who belong to your Union are the chief contributors, but then it is pretty generally known that, in addition to their £30 a week, you are financed by a group of English manufacturers operating from the Carlton Club. These men have a double object, first to demonstrate Ireland's unfitness for Home Rule, and second the smashing of our infant industries, and in both respects you are universally regarded as giving them value for their money.

The Northern Press regards you as an agent of the Clan-na-Gael, the Dublin Press as a friend of Lord Aberdeen. Notice how you got out of jail through his influence, and how he goes off shooting in Scotland while you and your minions assume the functions of government. On the whole, since the days of the late lamented Francis Higgins, of the Freeman, there has been no such man seen in Ireland.

Like the authorship of the Shakespeare plays, I almost doubt if such a man as Jim Larkin exists—the amount of villainy standing to his discredit must be the work of a syndicate. But, on the other hand, I have heard the man talk, heard him denounce abuses and systems well recognised, but hitherto let alone; heard him, too, express opinions with which no Christian in Dublin could find fault—(No one imagines that the Independent is Christian. Murphy's Christianity is kept in a water-tight compartment under the control of Mr. Invertebrate Dennehy.) And, I am bound to admit that the policy is the only logical outcome of the views. The unskilled labourer in Dublin is paid a weekly wage which does not permit of his living a decent life. That I believe to be true. It is not denied that many of the employers who pay these small wages could well afford to pay more and yet have a decent return for their capital. Obviously, here is a blot on the Christianity of Dublin. What is the remedy? If a labourer asks for better wages he is either dismissed without comment, or he is reminded of what he knows well enough already, that there are hundreds of men willing to take his place. Along comes the labour organiser, in this case Jim Larkin, bands these men together, and in their name asks for a living wage. Result, refusal, strike, starvation, or lock-out and starvation. A strike of a week or two means to a wealthy employer a temporary embarrassment; to his men it means ruin. The public don't care a straw, and only begin to take an interest when their own comfort is disturbed. Obviously then it is the business of the organiser to disturb

the public as quickly as possible, and that, as I take it, is one of the ideas of the Transport Union. Is there anything wrong in that? Is it not Parnell's policy of obstructing the business of the House of Commons in order to draw attention to the grievances of Ireland? And if Parnell were justified why not Jim Larkin? You can have no long continued agitation without a grievance to keep it alive. The agitator doesn't live who could waken the tenant-farmers of Ireland from the torpor of content they have fallen into. The scenes of the early eighties have become impossible. And if the labouring masses of Dublin were earning decent wages and leading decent existences the cleverest agitator-organiser that ever lived could not bring about the present-day state of affairs.

Behind Larkin and his Union are the same driving forces of misery and hunger that stood behind Parnell and his Land League, and the sooner this is realised the better for everybody.

[The very thought of the motor car that we haven't got, and the extra pay during strikes, that we don't get, makes our teeth water.—Ed.]

FOR MEN'S BOOTS, Chrome, Box Calf and Glace Kid,  
6/11 worth 8/11.  
THE SMALL PROFIT STORE,  
78b Talbot Street.

STRIKE AGAINST BIG PROFIT!!

Try R. W. SHOLEDIGE  
For Watch and Clock Repairs,  
Cheapest and most reliable House in the trade,  
37 HIGH STREET  
(OPPOSITE CHAPEL.)  
Special Low Terms to Working Men.

WORKERS when spending their hard-earned wage cannot do better than call to  
LAWLER & CO., 98 Summerhill,  
WHERE THEY CAN BUY  
Best Quality Groceries and Provisions  
At Reasonable Prices.  
All available Irish Goods stocked.

Call into HUGHES,  
28 JONES'S ROAD,  
For anything you want.  
Best of attention and Civility.

## SIMPSON & WALLACE,

The Workingman's Meat Providers,

For Best Quality and  
LOWEST PRICES.

Note Addresses:

57, 139 & 113 Great Britain St.

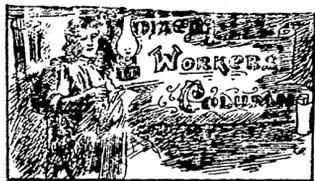
5 Westford Street.

4 Commercial Buildings, Phibsboro'.

26 North Strand.

28 Bolto Street, and

15 Francis Street.



Correspondence.

Women Workers and the Factory and Workshop Acts.

In reading the "Women Workers' Column" of your issue of the 7th October I noted these words:—"Then when employers and managers are criticised concerning the hours and conditions of women workers, we are told that we are interfering with matters that we have no right to interfere with. It would be just as well for these people to understand, now, once for all, that as the Factory Inspectors do not do the duties they are paid for, and as the employers and those in charge have not the humanity to treat the employees justly and humanely, then we will teach them their duty, and not cease interfering until the present hideous conditions of the women workers is altered."

Sympathising most cordially with the writer's resolve to put an end to the present state of affairs as all must do who are aware of the conditions under which women work in Dublin, I must point out one error in the above lines which amounts to an injustice to a body of public servants to whom the suffering workers have no more faithful helpers—I mean the women factory inspectors.

It is not the factory inspector's fault if the laws for the protection of the workers so often remain a dead letter in this country. Read the Annual Report of the chief inspector of factories and workshops, when the darkest chapters is drawn from the Irish reports. The fault is by no means chiefly the worker's, but the initial fault is theirs. The women—and the men also for that matter—too often have not the courage to speak the truth.

I have a good many friends and acquaintances amongst the workers, and when from time to time I hear of insanitary conditions or illegal overtime, without mentioning the matter to my friends, I drop a card to the factory inspector. Presently I see my friend again and she mentions that the factory inspector has been round. "Well," I say, "I hope things are better now?" "No," she asked a lot of questions and one girl spoke the truth but the others denied it. This is what happens over and over again, I hear it on all sides, so that I have hardly the heart to send that post-card now.

I understand the girls' fear of losing the poor wage she gets under wretched conditions, for I know the numbers who have no work at all. But women must face the fact that until they bind themselves together by a solemn engagement to speak the truth on these matters they must continue to get ill and suffer all the injustice that the law was made to save them from.

It is unquestionably the duty of every good citizen to see the laws enforced that were passed to protect the weak, but no one can help the women workers until they have the courage to take this first step to help themselves. Come, my friends, begin to-day!

Faithfully Yours,  
S. C. HARRISON.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE IRISH WORKER.

"Man's inhumanity to man  
Makes countless thousands mourn."

Sir—I have read with amusement, not unmixed with regret, of the possibility of the applicants for Irwin's tempting offer being hurt in the rush to obtain the wretched conditions, and I trust such a fate has not befallen them!

These gentlemen and some others, and one or two offices seem to think their women "hands" and clerks are mere cattle. If their imagination carries them too far, we may be having some female mutton for dinner one day. It would be a pathetic picture to see a weird procession of females being marshalled to a slaughter-house, and no more heard of them till our host inquires if we "prefer outside or underdone" (of an extremely poor, inferior quality).

This would be more humane than expecting any Christian to submit to tyranny and unnecessary discipline and discomfort and scandalous pay.

The animals, birds, insects, and reptiles have their time of rest, and are happy except when we torment them. The motors, trains, and machines are rested, and every possible care taken of them; but woman, with a soul, with human feelings, born to a life of usefulness and happiness, is crushed and intimidated if she even asks for the few privileges which are hers by right.

We are well aware that those for whom we work are bound to support us, not only in comfortable houses, food, clothing, and other necessities, but also in recreation essential to our physical and mental improvement and amusement.

Some eccentric people say: "Those women are never satisfied. When out of work they complain, and when in work they complain. They don't know what they want." But the people who speak thus, conveniently forget that we are only asking what they themselves enjoy. We are not asking anything out of the common. A manager or any head official asks for a rise every year, because, being permanent, he considers himself naturally more familiar with the work, and therefore more useful as time goes on. But when a female permanent hand, who is a hundred times more useful, asks for a rise on the same grounds, what reply does she receive?—Yours truly,  
"FAIR PLAY."

Women's Work and Wages.

One of the most unjust features of industrial life of to-day is: That women are paid less wages for the work which they do than men are paid. One would think that the unfairness of this would be readily admitted by everyone, but there are people who try to justify this state of affairs, and some of the reasons which they put forward for doing so I intend to deal with here.

It is said that although women may work the same number of hours as men, they do not get through the same amount of work, and therefore cannot expect to be paid the same rate of wages. This in some cases may be true, but it is also a recognised fact that there are places of business where men and women are engaged, where they both work the same number of hours, and produce the same

amount of work, yet the women—for no other reason than that they are women—are paid considerably less wages than the men.

We do not say that women who produce less work than men should be paid the same wages simply because she works the same number of hours; but we claim that they be paid the same wages for an equal amount of work—to pay them less because they are women is unjust. It is also said that women are not worked as hard as men, and are paid less for that reason.

Now in dealing with this statement, it would be as well to know what is meant by hard work. It is a fairly prevalent idea that only work done by men can be termed hard, but to those who know the working women, their hours of labour, the nature of the conditions under which they are compelled to work, the work which they must perform, and the miserable returns they receive, such a statement is ridiculous; much of the work done by women requires the same amount of physical exertion as that done by men. Just as there are some women who do not work as hard as others, so also is it the case with the men, but it can hardly be said that the work done by the male sex is any harder than that done by the female sex, in some of our modern factories it is almost impossible to make any distinction. Packing biscuits into tins may not require the same muscular activity as filling sacks with coal, yet it requires more care, and is as necessary and valuable.

M. L. U.

[To be continued.]

Dundalk Labourers Strike for a Living Wage.

When the railwaymen's strike was on we were told that if the object of it was an increase in wages the strikers would have the sympathy of the public. Now, the labourers employed in the building trade, the brickmaking trade, and the coal trade in Dundalk are putting that sympathy to a practical test, for they are on strike for a "living wage"—that and nothing else. We shall see in a few days how much public sympathy, outside the rank of their own class, is worth to them. We know they have the sympathy, full and whole-hearted, of the workers of Dundalk; and we know, too, that they have been promised—and we are satisfied the promise will be fulfilled—that if it is required they will also have the material support of their fellow-workers in Dundalk.

There is no doubt about the situation. The men of Dundalk who are now on strike ask for an increase to the miserable wages that they have up to the present been obliged to subsist on.

Fourteen shillings a week for carrying bricks and mortar, with the loss of time consequent on unfavourable weather for building; fourteen shillings for digging, turning over, and filling clay for making bricks into waggons, and losing time also in bad weather. Such is the wages that the builders and the brickmakers' labourers who are on strike have been receiving. The men who fill coal and the men who deliver it to the consumer received 15s. a week from four of the five coal merchants whose men are on strike; from the fifth one they received 14s. a week in the day time, but when working at night they received for a whole night's work the sum of 2s., and from midnight till six o'clock in the morning 1s 6d.

Now, sympathetic public of Dundalk, what do you think of those rates of wages for scores of your fully-grown fellow-townsmen? Do you think that the men who have been in receipt of them all the year round were paid a living wage? But before you give me your answer, please take into account deductions for loss of time through sickness and slowness of work as well as unfavourable weather. And while I have neither faith nor hope in the sympathy which our newspaper Press told us was alienated from the railwaymen, I venture to say that the Dundalk labourers now on strike are fighting for a just cause.

M. M'K.

While the "local rags" tells of the dismissal of a few hundred hands from the Crewe Railway Works, where thousands are employed, they print not one word of Harwich Works, which is moving with the times, as the following extract will show:—

"As a result of the intervention of Mr. Cummings, of the Board of Trade, the grievances at the workshops of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company at Harwich has been satisfactorily arranged. A Workshops' Management Committee, on which the men are to be represented, is to be formed, and the question of labourers' minimum wage will be dealt with."

WHEN!

When Lord Mayor Farrell takes an oath—and keeps it,  
And tries to stop his fertile brain from changing;  
When Mr. Russell wears a common coat—  
Without two sides—and ceases from his ranging;  
When Neddy Carson stops his silly jawing,  
And really takes a rifle in his hand,  
The worker with the master will lie down,  
And peace will come upon this troubled land.

MARCUS KAVANAGH.

THE CASH SUPPLY STORES,  
31 BOLTON STREET,  
Opened by Ernest "Unt."

The man that had the business before him went bankrupt; he gave Mutual Stamps.—Verp. sap.

A Leader.

I am waiting in the shadows,  
With my broken dreams around me,  
In the darkness where I suffered  
When the light had left my soul,  
I am waiting, I am watching  
For the coming of my lover,  
At whose bidding I shall rise again  
To seek the distant goal.

At his coming I shall know him,  
For my soul he shall interpret;  
And my people all exultingly  
Shall answer his command.  
He will gather up the broken dreams  
That linger ever near me—  
And weave for me a deathless wreath,  
When freed again I stand.

Thus I linger in the shadows  
For the Leader who is coming—  
Tho' a faithless world forgets me,  
And the years flit ghostlike by;  
In the glory of his manhood  
He shall cleave my way to Freedom,  
And break the gyves that trammel me,  
And raise my flag on high.

ΜΑΕΘΟΣ ΔΑΘΙΜΑΝΑΣ.

"An injury to One is the concern of All."

THE IRISH WORKER AND PEOPLE'S ADVOCATE. Edited by JIM LARKIN.

THE IRISH WORKER will be published weekly—price One Penny—and may be had of any news-agent. Ask for it and see that you get it.

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DUBLIN, SATURDAY, OCT. 14TH, 1911.

Why Carlisle Resigned.

There is weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth in the camps of the clique that runs all things in Belfast on the lines of reaction and in their own self-interest. What an eye-opener Lord Pirrie's speech must have been for those members of the working class who have been the willing tools of the employers in their nefarious conspiracy to keep the workers divided into hostile camps. Maybe the exposure of how things are managed by the self-appointed guardians of law and order will be the means of bringing together the workers of the North, irrespective of creed or nationality. Think of men (so-called) who at all times are prating of civil and religious liberty have avowedly and desigedly managed a public trust on the lines of bigotry and intolerance. These creatures, incensed at the new spirit of solidarity amongst the workers on the island, deliberately abused their powers by limiting the possibilities of increased accommodation for the firm of Harland & Wolff, and directly denied the workers of Belfast the opportunity of increased employment. This is their loyalty to the honest, if misguided, workers, who not only feed and clothe them, but have voted these traitors and miscreants into power and place. I am privileged to make public—which I do with all reserve—some of the inner working of things previous to the launching of the Olympic, owing to the attitude of the Harbour Commissioners, who were denying facilities to the firm of Harland & Wolff, using their public position to wreak their private vengeance on Lord Pirrie and Mr. Carlisle. And when it seemed all negotiations were futile, Mr. Carlisle had printed a poster stating that, owing to the action of the Harbour Commissioners, the firm of Harland & Wolff had decided to close the yard for an indefinite period, when the views percolated to the office of the clique, Thompson and the other leading lights were struck with consternation, they immediately opened up negotiations with Lord Pirrie, and swallowing their own vomit, a course of procedure they are well used to, gave away on every point, at least for the time. Mr. Carlisle was so disgusted that he immediately resigned. Such is the history of events proceeding the launching of the Olympic. But what a scene there would have been if the workers on the Ireland had known, as the publication of the poster would have informed them, that the Thompsons and Heyne and the other sweet boys who run Belfast in their own interests, had denied opportunities to carry out the necessary work incidental to the building of leviathans like the Olympic. The publication of that poster would have meant 10,000 men crossing the Lagan, not the Boyne, and those 10,000 men, one in mind and action, would have taught the autocrats of Corporation street the power of a united working class. Is it too late for the workers of the North to arouse themselves, and casting aside the shackles of distrust and hatred, and joining together in the common bond of brotherhood, one in spirit, one in unity, one in method, show to the world that the old spirit of Democracy is still alive in the North, and for the sake of our children and the nation we belong to, take into their own hands the control of our common country, and instead of being as they are now the brake on the wheel of progress, take their rightful place as the standard bearers in the onward march to liberty and light?

How Your Bricks are Made.

There is a firm of builders named Good who, owning a brickyard in Dolphin's barn, carry on a system of white slavery which cannot be equalled on earth. Are you aware that women and girls work at heavy and laborious work under conditions that are indescribable? Work which is done in Mount Argus Brickworks—another sweating den—by men is carried out by women in Dolphin's barn. According to our tale, a girl is employed taking from moulding machines the wet bricks as made, she must pack them on a board, pass the loaded board on to other girls, five in number, who wheel the loaded barrows away to a number of other girls, who place the bricks out to dry. The wages paid for this work is 2½d. an hour for girls taking off, 2d. per hour for girls wheeling, and 2½d. per hour for girls laying out bricks to dry. In case of wet weather the girls are knocked off; they have no sanitary accommodation whatever; no place either to put their food or clothing; and, up to a short time ago, they were not allowed to get a drink of water; if one of the five girls employed in wheeling stops away from work, the other four girls have to do her work between them—that is to say, the machine which makes the bricks must be kept going; and be it known that these young women have to load fifty-five wet bricks on a barrow, and the men who take the dry bricks to the kiln, who get 4½d. per hour only, wheel 50 dry bricks on a barrow. These girls formerly received 10s. per week, but the gentleman who manages the works, a Mr. Cassidy, for Mr. Good (how appropriate the name) thought the girls were getting too well paid, and put them on hourly pay, in consequence of which they are working less hours than formerly, and, perforce, getting less wages. They are handling the same number of bricks—they have simply speeded up the machine, and the girls have to do as much in 8½ hours as they formerly did in 9 hours; and then, as for the condition under which these girls work—the language used by the person engaged in driving them, is such that no human being should be compelled to listen to, never mind girls and women. Some time ago Mr. Good brought a lady to visit these works. Of course everything was arranged for her; but I challenge Mr. Good, Mr. Cassidy, or Mr. Mann to allow independent women to investigate the conditions in Dolphin's Barn sweating den.

Bakers' Strike.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

As a consumer of Boland's bread for upwards of forty years, I much regret the high-handed action against their workers which they have now taken up. They certainly will not be able to pay any dividend next time from the way in which they now intend to run the concern. According to the lying Press the public were led to believe all bakeries in dispute were in full working order on Saturday night. Well, then why did they not supply on Monday and Tuesday? Where does scab labour now come in against the proper skilled baker, and why ask a boy to serve his time to such a business if an unskilled worker (or scab) can do the same work. Dear worker, by supporting proper trade union bakers we shall be able to see who is who. I certainly will go hungry before scab bread will enter my house, or that of any of my children. Let the imported English, Scotch, and Irish scabs make, take, and buy it. Worker, the power is in your own hands. Use it against tyrants.  
IRISHWOMAN.

RENTPAYERS WANT TO STRIKE.

People who pay rent are now numbered with the multitude who have declared emphatically against the cost of living. An organisation has been formed in Paris, and its secretary has announced the intention of its members to strike next January. The first move will be a refusal to pay rent in advance. The organisation has already 5,000 members, and is growing so rapidly that Prime Minister M. Caillaux has already announced the Government's intention of including in next year's Budget certain measures for remedying the evils for the elimination of which the organisation has been formed.

STAND BY THE UNION.

Brest, France, Sept. 30.—Admiral de Marolles is determined to destroy the union of dockyard hands here, and recently issued an order commanding the workmen to sever their relations with the labour organisation. The workmen refused to entertain any such proposition, and hundreds of them who had declined to join the union did so immediately on the issuance of the admiral's order. The union has now replied to the admiral's demand by making a counter demand for an increase in wages of 50 cents a day, and the permanent employment of the additional hands who have been engaged in the construction of the new battleship, Jean Bart. A strike is now threatened unless the demands are conceded.

I desire to become a member of the Irish Transport and General Workers' Union.

Name (in full).....  
Address.....  
Occupation.....  
Age.....  
Name of Employer.....

THE WORKERS' CATECHISM.

To be taught and explained by every intelligent worker to his children, so that when they reach manhood or womanhood they may help in the coming fight.

QUESTION. What is a worker?

ANSWER. A worker is one who toils.

A. What is labour?

Q. Labour is that at which the worker toils.

A. What are the fruits of labour?

Q. The fruits of labour are the products of the workers' toil. When the worker labours in the fields the crops which result from his exertions are termed the fruits of his labour; when the fisherman braves the perils of the ocean the fish which he gathers in his net are the fruits of his labour; the fruits of the carpenter's labour are the things which he shapes with his tools; the printed books are the fruits of the printer's labour; and so on. Each man in his appointed trade labours, and always his labour bears fruit.

Q. Do the workers enjoy the fruits of their labour?

A. No, nor the tenth part of their labour, nor, sometimes, the hundredth part of their labour. The worker who toils all day in the fields gets but a few paltry pence for his pains. He tastes not of the wheat, of the oats, of the potatoes, nor of the fruits which the toil of his hands and the sweat of his brow have produced. All, or nearly all, the fruits of his labour go to the owner of the land. In the same way the fisherman, the carpenter, the printer, and the workers in all the other trades get but a miserable reward for their toil, and are not permitted to touch the fruits of their labour.

Q. Who gets the fruits of the workers' labour?

A. The capitalists.

Q. Who are the capitalists?

A. The capitalists are the masters, landlords, etc., who employ the workers, who enjoy the fruits of the workers' labour, and who reward their toil with a miserable wage.

Q. Who are the more numerous—the capitalists or the workers?

A. The workers. The workers number millions, while the capitalists number only thousands.

Q. If the workers are so numerous and the capitalists so few, how is it that the latter control the former, and enjoy the fruits of their labour?

A. The capitalists, although few, are united: the workers, although numerous are disunited, and it is by setting one class of worker against another that the capitalists rule all.

Q. What is meant by setting one class of worker against another?

A. This is what is meant by setting one class of worker against another: the capitalists, finding some of the workers combining to exact a bigger wage, and refusing to work at the old wage, bring in isolated workers from other places and fill the combined workers' places.

Q. What is a soldier?

A. A soldier is a worker who is taken from among his fellows by the capitalist, is clothed and fed, and given deadly weapons. He is then used to murder the workers of other countries, or to shoot down the workers of his own country when they combine against the capitalists.

Q. Are soldiers used to shoot down their own blood relations—their fathers, sisters and brothers?

A. No. The soldiers are not used to shoot their own blood relations, for the capitalists know that if they were asked to do this they would join the other workers and rebel against the masters. Therefore they use the soldiers of the North to murder the workers of the South, and the soldiers of the South to kill the workers, while not actually murdering their own kindred, kill the relations of other soldiers, and so serve the capitalists' purpose.

Q. What are policemen?

A. Policemen are like soldiers, workers, fed, clothed and armed by the capitalists to suppress their fellow workers. The police of the North are sent South, and those of the South sent North, as with the soldiers, but they seldom kill the workers, contenting themselves with grievously hurting or maiming them.

Q. When is a worker class-conscious?

A. When he realises that he is being used to serve the selfish ends of the capitalists, and that the fruits of his labour are going to men who have never worked to earn them.

Q. How do the capitalists live?

A. The capitalists live in lofty mansions in the cities, or on great estates in the country, hundreds of servants attend upon them; they drive in beautiful carriages, eat (if they care to) of the choicest foods, drink of the richest wines, listen to the most ravishing music, and read the greatest books. Their children go to great schools where they are taught the sciences and the arts, and how to keep the workers as their slaves; their wives spend their days in ceaseless pleasure and merrymaking.

Q. How do the workers live?

A. The workers live in wretched hovels in filthy slums. Their food (when they have any) is of the poorest kind. They have no pleasures.

Q. How do the children of the workers live?

A. The children of the workers live like their parents, in misery and squalor. In

the summer they are fever-stricken and parched; in the winter, naked, hungry, and cold. The dogs of the capitalists are better cared for than the children of the workers.

Q. To whom do the fruits of the workers' labour belong?

A. To the workers.

Q. Will the workers ever be able to enjoy the fruits of their labour?

A. Yes, when the workers recognise that they are all brothers, and unite against the capitalists they will enjoy the fruits of their labour.

Q. When the workers unite what will happen to the capitalists?

A. God knows!

MARCUS KAVANAGH.

[The Capitalists will have to work. What a cruel punishment that will be—Ed.]

Condoning Felony.

The guardians of the seals Whitebrete Regent) had a good time at the Great Northern Railway Station during the strike on that line.

These miscreants in khaki, while they were stationed at Amiens Street Station, in obedience to the call of the people who were crying out for the protection of Irish Industries, were looting, pilfering, and having a royal time at the expense of those who were foolish enough to entrust them with the care of their property.

Cases of whiskey, brandy, tinned meats, &c., were annexed. Even combs, blacking brushes, and general hardware stores were found safely stored away—Truly a repetition of how affairs were conducted in South Africa; the only difference being, that the officers—save the mark!—had no pianos or ladies to occupy their idle time.

When the pilfering was discovered, and the soldiers of the King had to toe the line and "bear a searching" the articles were found in their possession. Station-master Bannerman arrived on the scene and asked "has anybody been arrested?" "Yes," replied Sergeant Byrne (20c), and Station-sergeant Dick Doyle of the D.M.P., "but they are the military." "Oh," said Bannerman, "for God's sake then, say nothing about it"—"It's an ill wind blows nobody good," and the lancers of the military, and of the scabs whom they were sent to protect, must be filled to overflowing. What happened at Amiens street is similar to what occurred elsewhere, and is a good sample of the kind of protection the military affords the public.

Perhaps someone in the know would tell us why the soldiers are to be allowed off scot free, after being found in possession of other people's property, while the outside public are sent to prison on suspicion. Why is there one law for the soldiers and another for civilians? Here is another case of this preferential treatment:—On Monday last, the Recorder of Dublin, in sentencing a man to eighteen months for glass breaking said: "I have fixed eighteen months as the sentence on all glass breakers, and I intend to enforce it." Immediately afterwards in the same court, before the same recorder—George Burbidge, who appeared in the uniform of the 5th Lancers, charged with glass breaking at the premises of Mr. G. Wo. de Talbot street, was sentenced to nine months imprisonment. How is that for fair play?

Strike of Wallis' Carters.

The Evening Murphy (Herald) has again been compelled to contradict itself. Oa! these "pure" newspapers. Following is a letter that appeared in Monday's issue:

"SIR,—Your report of the settlement of the strike of Messrs. Wallis & Sons' carters is grossly misleading and untrue, as the settlement arrived at was neither a defeat nor an unconditional surrender. It is quite true that the carters struck work rather than cart furniture from Kingsbridge to Grafton street, and for so doing four carters were dismissed.

Now, the conditions the men have resumed on are the reinstatement of those four men and the restoring of the wages and monies to credit, which the men were told were forfeited. The second paragraph of the agreement, and the one you apparently base your theory of unconditional surrender on, reads as follows:—They are to go to all railway stations, steamship companies, consignors, and consignees, whether these people are affected by a strike or not, on being told to do so." Would you be surprised to learn that that is precisely what Wallis' carters have always done? But what they have never done, and never will do, is to force their way to deliver or collect loading, no matter to or from where, when stopped by pickets, nor will they attempt to do so under police protection.

The statement that the carters volunteered to resume work on Saturday is also without foundation. The feeling amongst the men was that they should not return to work till Monday; but at the earnest request of the firm they agreed to go in on Saturday.

Now, it is clear from the foregoing that there was no agreement that could come under the heading appearing in your paper.

We, the undersigned, who were deputed to wait on Messrs. Wallis & Sons, in fairness ask you to give this contradiction.—Yours truly,

MICHAEL CLARKE.  
THOMAS BYRNE.  
MARTIN SULLIVAN.  
THOMAS BRYAN.

October 7th, 1911."

HALAHAN & MESKELL  
2 Charlotte St. and 48 Camden St.,  
Butchers and Purveyors.

Best Value in the City in both Departments. THE WORKERS' PROVIDERS.

—THE—  
Mutual Window Cleaning Co.  
59 MIDDLE ABBEY STREET.

ULSTER NOTES.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

An IRISH WORKER without an Ulster column smacks somewhat of a paradox! From one cause or another it has become the fashion in certain circles, which shall be nameless, to think of Irish workers and Ulstermen as synonyms.

Our challenge to Arthur Griffith last week has not been answered. Sinn Fein finds it easier to keep silent than to stand by its lying statements.

The Editor of the Irish Homestead wants the farmers of Ireland to call on the railway companies to supply the trains, and the farmers will run them in spite of all the strikers in the country.

Running a train must be the simplest job in the world, according to Mr. Russell. He seems to think that one has only to stand on the foot-plate of an engine and pull a lever, and that the train will start off towards its destination. How simple!

Did he ever hear of such things as signals, staffs, crossings, trap-points, brake, &c., &c.? Has he ever read of a train meeting with an accident even when there was a competent driver, fireman, and guard aboard?

And supposing the signalmen are also on strike, how is his farmers' train to reach its journey's end? Oh! Mr. Russell!

Imagine a couple of farmers loading their pigs, cows, eggs, butter, grain, fowl and fruit into a train, and starting off amid the cheers of the railway directors, shareholders and strikers. It would be a pleasant sight, and we would only be delighted if all the fossilised farmers of Ireland could be sent in the same train. We feel quite sure none of them would ever return—alive.

Themselves and the train would be found buried in some bog, or at the back of a ditch, and we would have a better chance of putting sense into the heads of their successors.

Last Monday, at the Corporation Meeting, we saw a certain Councillor who was at least "three sheets in the wind." He kept his hat on all the time he was present, and every time he could get near the Lord Mayor he shook hands with him.

This is not a competition, and we give no prize to the sender of the correct name.

A meeting of the Catholic Bishops, held in Mayo this week, condemned strikes—That's all. Food, clothing, and houses are still at the same high figure, and wages are as low as if they had never spoken.

What has happened to the newspaper letter writers who were so plentiful last week? The Halfpenny Murphy is not half so interesting since they ceased their squabbling.

Here's a tit bit: "The paper for the Irish home is the Sunday Independent, healthy in tone, pure in its news"—Pure in its news! Ha! Ha! Ha! We must keep our eye on THIS pure NEWSPAPER.

The verb "to Farrell." Nine out of ten working men would instantly tell you the meaning of this, but for the sake of the other tenth, we append the full meaning of the word, with its derivation and historical value:—(From the Anglo-Irish root, Farrell) means to do a thing after having previously sworn not to; a twister; one who says a thing meaning it at the time, but enticed by some expected benefit, acts contrary to his belief or creed; attempting to make oneself a little "almighty," and only succeeding in becoming "almighty little." Introduced in the reign of George V. of England.

At the last meeting of the Central Executive of the Gaelic League, the following resolution was proposed by Mr. Con MacSweeney, National teacher, Aughrim, Co. Wicklow:—"Whereas, it being the opinion of a large proportion of Gaelic Leaguers throughout the country that the speakers selected for the public meeting which was held on Language Sunday were not suitable, the Coisde Gnotha (Central Executive) desires to make known that they were not consulted with reference to the selection of speakers, and consequently that they were not guilty." In speaking to the resolution he is alleged to have stated that the proper treatment to be meted out to the Editor of this paper was that he should be cast into the Liffey, though the Liffey was sufficiently filthy already. (Our readers will, of course, understand that the resolution was aimed at us.)

Mr. Con. MacSweeney is of course a gentleman (at least he imagines himself one). Like the jackdaw in peacock's feathers, he struts about letting the world know that he is a member of the Central Executive of the Gaelic League—one of the leaders of the Irish-Ireland movement, in fact. He forgets to tell the world, though, that he only received 70 votes at the last Convention of the Gaelic League, where there were over 200 delegates present.

At the last meeting of the Trade Board for cardboard boxmakers was held in the Belfast City Hall a week or two ago. Mr. Yates, a Board of Trade official, presided. Mr. Mallon of the Anti-Sweating League, attended on behalf of the women workers. After considerable discussion an arrangement was made to fix the same rates of pay for Ireland as had already been agreed upon by the English Trade Board; also the same rates for apprentices. This will mean a good increase of wages to a large number of the workers.

BOOT REPAIRS.—If you want good value and reasonable prices, go to M. SULLIVAN, 62½ Sandwich street and 8 Lombard street.

MOLLOY & CO., Butchers, Purveyors, and Dairy, 121 LOWER CLARENCE STREET. None but reliable goods stocked.

JAMS (Irish)—2 lb. Jars, 9d.; Raspberry, Strawberry, Black Currant, BISCUIITS—Jam Puffs, Butter Creams, Bismarks, 6d. per lb.

LEYDEN'S, 89 Bride Street.

HUGH KENNY, General Provision Merchant, 46 GREAT BRITAIN STREET. IRISH PRODUCE A SPECIALITY. Our Teas for the Workers are the Best Value in Dublin.

GETS THE BUN! Why should Jack Johnson, the champion boxer of the world, be looked upon with disfavour by all trade unionists? Because he is supported by a pair of blacklegs.

Yours, faithfully, LORCAN G. SHERLOCK, Chairman Electricity Supply and Public Lighting Committee.

Success of Municipal Enterprise. TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER. DEAR SIR—Even Mr. Andrew Beattie, T.C., now admits that the Corporation Electricity Undertaking has rounded the corner and is bound to be a big success.

A large proportion of Gaelic Leaguers throughout the country must not have thought Cox the genius he imagines himself to be at the Convention; yet now he has the audacity to speak on their behalf about pitching people into the Liffey. Con would you do it? You can try it on any time. Con ahmic, we imagine that the tongue is a powerful implement with you as well as with a good many more.

We challenge you now to come out on a public platform here in the City of Dublin (and through which the filthy Liffey flows) and brag as you have bragged inside closed doors. We will be pleased to meet you. Have the courage of your convictions, Con, and come! We'd like to know if you are Con of the hundred battles before we engage.

What are "friendly matches"? Those in which the Englishmen cut the wood, and the Irish slaves dip it.

Success of Municipal Enterprise.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR—Even Mr. Andrew Beattie, T.C., now admits that the Corporation Electricity Undertaking has rounded the corner and is bound to be a big success. This is a remarkable admission coming from a man who, in season and out of season, has foretold dire disaster to the citizens of Dublin; but it has been dragged from him by the facts.

I am a firm believer in Municipal control of great monopolies. I am satisfied that the present splendid position of the Electricity Department will convince the most sceptical that such a policy is in the long run sound and business-like.

Let me unfold the tale for the year ending 31st March, 1911, on figures certified by the City Accountant.

The sales increased by nearly 1,000,000 units. The income increased by £15,000. The total income was over £70,000; the total costs of coal, wages, salaries, rates, rents, and all other working expenses come to £30,000. The gross profit was over £40,000. Out of these gross profits we paid over £16,000 off loans, and over £17,000 interest upon loans, leaving a net surplus of £6,500, which has been applied to reduce debits carried over from losses upon previous years.

The loss sustained during the year ending March, 1910 (after paying £30,000 off loans and interest on same) was £4,700, so that during the last year we have converted a debit of £4,700 into a credit of £6,500, or a difference as a result of one year's trading of £11,200 over and above all charges.

For the current year, ending March, 1912, judging by present sales, our income will entitle us to pay all working charges and the interest upon loans, as well as the proportion of loans due, and leave a net surplus of about £14,000.

This will enable us for the first time to give a substantial sum in reduction of rates, or in building up a great fund for the proper housing of the workers and the poor at low rents, without any charge upon the ratepayers.

As to Mr. Allan's increase of salary, the first £50 will come out of the profits of this current year, which are almost certain to be £14,000; the second will come out of further increased profits for year ending March, 1913; and the third and fourth, out of profits for years ending March, 1914 and 1915.

At present rate of progress and present prices, the profits for the year 1913 should be over £19,000, and for the year 1914 over £24,000.

The ordinary man can have no conception of Mr. Allan's work, or the difficulties he had to face; of how he had to force his Committee and the Council, from time to time, in the teeth of hostile criticism of nervous ratepayers and cranks, to go marching on developing the undertaking, and fighting at Local Government Board Inquiries for the necessary cash.

To-day, when the present is secure, and the future prospects are rosy, every citizen should join in praising Mr. Allan for his tenacity of purpose, and his unflinching confidence in the commercial future of the business. Surely, if he has in a material way aided in making a profit of £14,000 for this year, he is worth an increase of salary of less than £1 per week.

Alderman Kelly is wrong in suggesting that the 10 per cent. is responsible for the changed position of the finances of the concern. It is partly due to that, but without any increase of price at all the extra number of units sold for the year ending March 1911 was sufficient to convert a debit of £4,700 into a credit of over £2,000.

Let this bickering then at the Corporation cease. Give credit where credit is due. Criticise only where it is justified or required, and assist us in getting public confidence behind this great business undertaking in such volumes as will enable us to still further and more rapidly make the success of the Electricity Undertaking a source of pride and of great profit to every citizen of Dublin.

Yours, faithfully, LORCAN G. SHERLOCK, Chairman Electricity Supply and Public Lighting Committee.

GETS THE BUN! Why should Jack Johnson, the champion boxer of the world, be looked upon with disfavour by all trade unionists? Because he is supported by a pair of blacklegs.

THE LAND OF MORE.

The following excerpt from the address delivered by President Gompers, in Bakersfield, Cal., is from the Morning Echo:—

"Unionism," Mr. Gompers declared, "is an organised expression of world-wide discontent and unrest of the masses under existing conditions. With a country where the fertile soil responds so abundantly to the magic touch of labour; with such a climate—such a series of climates—with 95,000,000 energetic, earnest people; with the wonderful labour-saving machinery to increase the efficiency of the workers—wherever in such a country a man is seeking work and cannot find it, society is unjust, and to such a man our boast and claim of civilisation is a mockery and a sham.

"To tell us that our condition is better than the condition of our fathers is to beg the question," said Mr. Gompers. "None who has read or knows of the past will deny this, but we claim that the betterment is not commensurate with the greater efficiency and output of the present. We are bound for the land of more. And when we have got more we will ask for still more, and when we get more we will ask for more again. As we see the signs of the times labour is likely to get more. The opponents of organised labour may as well understand that their efforts to crush this movement out will fail. It is written in the heavens that the toilers are coming into their own.

"The labour movement of to-day is the legitimate heir of the struggle of ages against wrong, against injury, against tyranny, and for justice, right and freedom. Organised labour is the best expression of discontent and the best machinery with which to make that expression felt with the largest amount of permanent good and the least injury to anyone. You cannot make an omelet without breaking some eggs. No move can bring great benefits to the masses without bringing some injury to the few. But the unions hurt only the gradgrind employers," the speaker declared. "To the fair employers, the employers who are willing to pay living wages, the unions are a protection against the unfair and destructive competition of the gradgrinds."

"In everything except labour," Mr. Gompers said, "none question the right of the man who has something to sell to set the price. The working man has his labour to sell, and the union would enable him to set the price on his labour. The employer wants to set the price, and we are urged to exercise the grace of submission and trust to the hope and assurance of a reward in the sweet bye and bye. We are not going to surrender any of our hope of reward in the sweet bye and bye, but we want to get used to a good time here and now.

"You can measure the progress of a country by the progress of its labour organisations. The same is true of a city. I know the struggles that the unions have gone through in Bakersfield, and I am glad to know that there is a better feeling here between employers and employees. They thought once that they had the labour spirit crushed, but they had another guess. They understand labour organisations better now—all except one, and he is coming across. The house will be a union house, and it will not be very long in the future."

We Rise to Claim Our Own.

[AIR—"A Nation Once Again"]

Too long beneath the tyrant's heel; Subdued in bondage vile, To hearts of stone did we appeal And brooked the sneering smile.

But now, thank God, that day is past, The tyrant's overthrown; United in our strength at last We rise to claim our own.

We rise to claim our own, we rise to claim our own; United in our strength at last, we rise to claim our own.

Too long divided we have been By a false and foolish pride, Of skilled and unskilled trades we've seen Some members each deride;

But now, thank God, to day we stand More firm than the throne, And with one voice proudly demand To give us back our own.

To give us back our own, to give us back our own; And with one voice proudly demand To give us back our own.

Then here's a hand, both strong and true, To clasp in thine, my brother, To help the battle on with you And faction's flames to smother;

No more divided we shall be, The seed of love is sown, Then, brother, come! clasp hands with me, And claim again your own.

And claim again your own, and claim your own; Then, brother, come! clasp hands with me, And claim again your own.

God made the toilers of the earth, And decreed they'd work to live; But whence come they of noble birth And the favours that they give?

We seek no favour at their hand, We know no idle drone; We proudly and triumphant stand To claim anew our own.

To claim anew our own, to claim anew our own; We proudly and triumphant stand To claim again our own.

W.P.P.

BAKERS' STRIKE.

Employers Attempt to Crush Trades Unionism.

As every effort to blacken and discredit the men on strike has taken place during the past ten days, both by employers and their anonymous friends, and no opportunity being given for the men to vindicate themselves—which is nothing new so far as the workers are concerned—a brief outline for the information of the workers, through the columns of THE IRISH WORKER, is necessary, seeing that some eight employers have made up their minds to smash the Bakers' Society (one of the oldest in our city, and one that has done so much useful and benevolent work) as well as trying to ruin the homes and families of 400 of our fellow-citizens.

Some twelve months ago an arrangement was come to with three employers to work a time system, which did not give satisfaction, owing to the manner in which it was conducted. On September 24th a general meeting of the Society decided to inform the employers that the system be discontinued, and the system which was worked in the other 13 houses came into operation. It was further agreed to ask for an increase of 2s. per week all round. As the employers did not answer the demand in the time allocated, the strike began. Eight firms immediately acceded to the demands. It has been stated we attempted to cause a general strike, with the object of starving the poor.

What did the employers do? When they found that reasonable men decided to pay the wages, an attempt was made to induce them to only bake their usual supply, and thus starve the people. This did not work. And then the Hospital cry was raised—particularly by one gentleman, who went out of his way to discuss the merits of the case, when he would be better employed attending to his duties. It was then stated that Dublin bakers were over-paid, and bread was dearer in Dublin as compared with other cities in consequence. Such is not the case. The wages of 35s. per week obtains in all the large centres, and the price of bread in Dublin is all fours with other towns. It is not likely or possible that any increase in the price of bread should take place in granting the increase asked for. Bakers in Dublin, or anywhere else, are not paid as they should be. They have to work night work the year round. Just think of a man working on Sunday morning for two or three hours, starting again at 6 the same evening, and so on to Friday night, when another early start is made, and finished late on Saturday. What time has such a man in his home? What enjoyment? On the contrary, he is in an atmosphere of heat and dust, and more liable to contract illness and suffer more disabilities than men working at other occupations. And for daring to ask for an increase the following employers—Bolands, Ltd.; Peter Kennedy, Britain street; Sir Joseph Downes, Earl street; P. Monks & Co., North King street; Mr. Halligan, Benburb street and Dalkey; and J. Kennedy, Cabinteely, have decided not to take back the men unless they secede from their Society. Fancy compelling a man to throw away the provision he has made for illness, superannuation, and other necessities. A few creatures have done so. It is now for the people to say whether they are going to stand by and see a Society, such as the Bakers' Society, put out of existence by a half-dozen people.

Another lesson the people must learn as a result of this bread ring is that their bread supplies ought not to be in the hands of monopolies, who have always arranged and still continue, to fix the price of bread.

One thing the workers should remember is the uncalculated action of the above employers, and as they have decided to boycott and coerce their law employees, we appeal to the workers to refuse to buy bread made by scabs imported from England and Scotland. These are the employers who advertise Irish manufactured bread, importing scabs from England and Scotland and paying them higher wages than Dublin men. And mark, the firms who employ trade union labour sell better and cheaper bread than this ring of monopolists who have for years kept the price of bread ½d. per 2 lb. loaf above all other cities in Gt. Britain and Ireland.

Don't forget, the following firms have imported scabs:—Bolands, Kennedy's, Dublin Bread Co. (D.B.C.), Halligan, Downes, Sir Joseph, Paddy Monks, Jas. Rourke, Brodrick (trading as Kennedy), of Cabinteely. Lock-out the scabs.

If you have not the ready money convenient there is an IRISH ESTABLISHMENT which supplies Goods on the Easy Payment System. It is THE

Dublin Workmen's Industrial Association, Ltd., 10 SOUTH WILLIAM ST.

OFFICE HOURS—10.30 to 5.30 each day. Monday, Tuesday and Friday evenings, 7 to 9. Saturday evening, 7 to 10.30.

MANAGER—ALDERMAN T. KELLY.

RESTAURANT,

117 CAPEL ST (Next Trades Hall).

Breakfasts, Luncheons and Teas.

IRISH WOMENS' FRANCHISE LEAGUE.

On October 17th, at 8 p.m.,

Miss Christabel Pankhurst, L.L.B.

WILL SPEAK IN THE

Round Room, Mansion House.

TICKETS - 2s. 6d., 1s. & 6d.

CORK DAIRY, 117 Gt. Britain St.

Branches—1 York street, 11 Queen street, 19 High st., 213 Gt. Britain st., 62 Chatterment st., where you can get Best Value in BUTTER, EGGS and MILK at Lowest Prices.

Proprietor: MICHAEL GARTLAND.

SOCIALIST PARTY OF IRELAND.

Mr. W. H. SAUNDERSON will deliver a Lecture at the Antient Concert Buildings on to-morrow, Sunday, at 8 p.m., entitled, "The Sin of Beggary." Admission Free.

C. ANDREWS, Hairdresser

136½ JAMES'S STREET, THE IRISH WORKERS' HAIRDRESSER. Hairdressing and Shampooing Saloon. Razors Carefully Ground and Set. None but Trade Union Labour Employed.

HATS from 1/11

EQUAL IN QUALITY TO 2s. 11d. SHIRTS (Angora) from 2/6 EQUAL IN WEAR TO TWEED.

J. TROY, 37 Sth. George's St.

"Trade Unionism is the only bulwark the Workingman has to protect him against the power of Capital."

KAVANAGH'S

New Plain & Fancy Bakery, Sir John Rogerson's Quay,

Contains the Best Flour, Has the Best Flavour, Guaranteed the Standard Weight.

Baked by Bridge Street Trade Union Bakers only.

NOTE.—We only ask you to give the Loaf a trial—it will speak for itself.

LEMAS'S, Hatters and Outfitters,

2 and 3 CAPEL STREET.

WORLD'S FAIR 6½d. BAZAAR,

30 HENRY ST., DUBLIN. Established over 20 years. Everything possible for 6½d.; Cheap and Good.

SILVERMINES DAIRY, 103 TOWNSEND STREET,

supplies Best Creamery Butter; New Laid (Irish) Eggs and Pure Rich New Milk, at Lowest Prices.

IRISH FAMILY BURIAL SOCIETY.

5 LOMBARD STREET, EAST. At a meeting held here on Wednesday evening, the following resolution was passed after hearing the chairman's report on the sound financial state of the society.—That the decision arrived at on last Sunday's meeting be cancelled, the dispute which existed between the officers having been settled satisfactorily, Thos. Murray being elected to the position of trustee, copies of circular explaining the benefits of the society being read, it was proposed by T. Murphy, and seconded by J. Whelan, that copy be sent to the IRISH WORKER. A vote of thanks having been passed to the chairman, the meeting then concluded.

NOTICE.—Irish Family Burial Society meets on Sunday, as usual, from 12 to 1 o'clock, p.m.

P. O'NEILL, Seco.

STOP PRESS! The people of New Street and Neighbourhood, Look Out for the OPENING of

The Workers' Benefit Stores,

47a NEW STREET, on FRIDAY, 20th OCTOBER.

One trial of our Goods will convince, and we believe, insure us of your patronage. With our first-class experience, we guarantee the Goods we sell, including Groceries and Provisions.

BECKER BROS.

Finest, Purest and Cheapest

TEAS.

PRICES—2/6, 2/2, 2/-, 1/10, 1/8, 1/6, 1/4 and 1/2.

8 STH. GREAT GEORGE'S STREET And 17 NORTH EARL STREET, DUBLIN.

Why Buy Porter?

When you can buy Pure Rich New Milk at 1d. per pint; also daily arrivals of New Laid Eggs and Finest Irish Butter at :: :: ::

The Hollywood Dairies, 88 Summerhill and 33 Meath Street.

IRISH GOODS ONLY.

Hello Boys! Look Out! Now we know where we are.

GLEESON & CO.,

Are Opening 1st week in September a General Drapery and Tailoring

STORE

FOR THE SALE OF Irish Goods Only.

Note Address—IRISH GOODS ONLY, 11 Upper O'Connell Street, Dublin.

TELEPHONE NO. 1771.

Cranston & Co., Wholesale Stationers

Paper Merchants & Paper Bag Manufacturers,

18 & 19 TEMPLE LANE (Off Dame St.), DUBLIN.

T. P. ROCHE,

The Workers' Hairdresser,

34 NORTH STRAND, DUBLIN.

An Up-to-Date Establishment. Trade Union Labour only employed. Cleanliness, Comfort. Antiseptics used. Success to the Workers' Cause!

THE NOTED HOUSE

FOR BUTTER, HAMS AND BACON,

PATRICK DOYLE & SONS,

Provision Merchants,

29 THOMAS ST., DUBLIN.

TOM CLARKE,

TOBACCONIST AND NEWSAGENT,

75 Great Britain St. and 55 Amiens St.,

Keeps a full line of Tobacco and Cigarettes manufactured at home in Ireland by Irishmen.

THE IRISH WORKER and all other newspapers on sale.

Don't Forget LARKIN'S

LITTLE SHOP FOR GOOD VALUE

in Chandlery, Tobaccos, Cigarettes, &c.,

36 WEXFORD ST., DUBLIN.

IRISH GOODS A SPECIALITY.

Support RUSSELL'S,

The Family Bakers,

Trade Union Employers,

RATHMINES BAKERY.

HORAN & SONS,

95 & 96 GREAT BRUNSWICK STREET,

58 UPPER GRAND CANAL STREET,

6 SOUTH LOTS ROAD, BEGGAR'S BUSH,

AND

1, 2 & 3 SEAFORTH AVENUE, SANDYMOUNT,

Give Best Value ever Offered.

Quality, Full Weight & Defy Competition.

'Let's All go Down the Strand'

TO

TIM GORCORAN,

Provision Merchant.

BEST BRANDS OF

Irish Bacon & Creamery Butter

ALWAYS IN STOCK.

N. J. BYRNE'S Tobacco Store,

39 AUNGIER STREET

(OPPOSITE JACOBS),

FOR IRISH ROLL AND PLUG.

Study your own & your Children's Health

SEE THEM !!

Drink Pure Mineral Waters

AS MADE BY

CALLAGHER & CO., LTD.,

DUBLIN.

To preserve life the next most important

factor to the air we breathe is the

water we drink.

CORK HILL ECHOES.

The adjourned quarterly meeting of the Municipal Council was held on Monday last in the City Hall, a casual observer could not fail but notice that there was something unusual in the way of salary-raising, judging by the large number of aldermen and councillors that foregathered on the steps. And the surmise proved correct, as the very first item on the agenda was a recommendation from the Electric Lighting and Cleansing Committees signed by Messrs. L. Sherlock and J. M. Gallagher, the Chairman of both Committees, suggesting an increase in the salary of the Secretary of the Committees, Mr. Fred Allan, who is at present in receipt of £400 a year. Mr. Sherlock in glowing colours proclaimed that the Electricity Supply was a great success, and that the success was due to Mr. Allan. Mr. Michael Doyle (Trinity Ward), seconded the proposal, which was carried after a long discussion by 32 votes to 14.

The result is that Mr. Allan has got a paltry £200 tacked on to his "miserable screw" of £400, and in four years hence he will draw £600 a year, as the terms of the resolution convey that the increase is to be given by four annual increments of £50, and this in face of the fact that many old Corporation employees cannot get a day's work because they are told by the officials that there is no money to carry out works. Yet when a big increase to an official, such as this comes along, the money can be easily found. We were glad to find that Lord Mayor Farrell, for once in his life, was on the right side, as he voted with the minority. It is a good sign to see him making atonement for his past misdeeds.

We have gone to a little trouble in looking up the names of the councillors who voted for the increase, and we find that several of them will be retiring in January next, when the usual "catch-cries" of Nationality and Labour will be used by these gentlemen as levers to secure votes. The names of those who voted for this £200 increase, who retire in January next, are as follows:—Councillor Robert Bradley (Trinity), Councillor Lennon (Fitzwilliam), Councillor Maher (Glasnevin), Councillor Hutchinson (Merchants Quay), Councillor James (North City), Councillor Monk (South City), Councillor O'Meara (South Dock), Councillor Scott (Clontarf West). We would ask our readers in the various wards to think of these names when these councillors and their satellites go round to solicit their votes at the elections in January next.

It was surprising to see the number of councillors that cleared out for refreshments, probably, after the division was taken on the salary, but they quickly trooped in again in response to an urgent whip from Little Lercan, when Alderman M'Walter's motion dealing with the Lord Mayor's salary for 1912 came on. They were almost caught "napping" as the versatile Doctor just formally proposed his motion, the text of which was, that next year's Lord Mayor should receive the same salary as that enjoyed at present by Lord Mayor Farrell, viz., £1,760. Dr. M'Walter's motion was defeated by 29 votes to 22, and the result is that next year's Lord Mayor, Councillor Sherlock, will receive the full allowance, viz., £3,680, unless something unforeseen happens in the meantime. Here again we have compiled a little list of those who voted for the increased amount, and whose term will expire next January:—Councillors Maher (Glasnevin), Bradley (Trinity), Ryan (North Dock), Hutchinson (Merchants Quay), Murray (Drumcondra), and Shortall (Rotunda). Let our readers keep those names in their memory.

While on the mayoralty question it may be interesting to state that Councillor R. O'Carroll had a motion on the agenda, which if carried, would have done away with the caucus meetings which the official Nationalist Party in the Corporation resort to every year, by which Lord Mayors are selected in the Sheriff's back office and ratified afterwards in Wynn's Hotel, where the "seventh man" in takes the chair. Councillor O'Carroll's motion was to rescind the resolution of Council of 2nd February, 1903, by which "it was decided to abolish the practice of nominating the Lord Mayor in September of each year," and that in future there should be a nomination for Lord Mayor as was the practice from the year 1846 to 1900, and that the said nomination should take place at the Council meeting on the first Monday in December of each year.

When Councillor O'Carroll rose to propose his motion I noticed from my place in the gallery, Councillor Sherlock rushing out, ostensibly for the purpose of bringing in his forces, who had retired to the members room. And right well did they respond to vote down O'Carroll's motion, because it would not suit the books of Sherlock & Co., that the Lord Mayors should be nominated by the same procedure that obtained twelve years ago. Oh no, the Sherlocks, Hutchinsons, Coffeys, and the others of that ilk, imagine they have a prescriptive right to have the mayoralty in their keeping, so much so, that the ordinary citizen should have no say in the matter if they can prevent it. But there is a limit to human

A matter for the Worker to remember!

IS THAT

Mrs. HENRY, of 221 St. Britain St.,

Serves all with accommodation of Beds

and Food of the Best Quality, at prices

to suit the Worker.

endurance, and Sherlock and his gang must know that the limit has been reached. This "trafficking" in the mayoralty has made Dublin a by-word and reproach. Thank God this will soon be ended. The workers have got enlightened a little in recent years—an enlightenment that will continue until the whole corrupt gang is routed from Cork Hill.

The Breviate or Quarterly Report of the Public Health Committee, for the quarter ending, June 30th, furnishes interesting reading to the ordinary citizen. We gather from the report that a large number of prosecutions were instituted against unscrupulous traders, under the Food, Drugs, and Margarine Acts, the fines amounting to close on £100. We notice that £10 of this was paid by a gentleman who sought the suffrage of the electors of a certain ward at the last Poor Law Elections. This gentleman—whose "burning zeal and desire" to represent the "interests of the poor" on the South Dublin Board—was taken by the electors at his proper valuation, was fined for selling as butter "a substance composed of fats, altogether foreign to butter."

We have a distinct recollection of reading this same gentleman's election address, in which he told us that he was a Nationalist and Labour candidate, a member of the United Irish League, and a faithful follower of John Redmond and the Irish Party. Unfortunately we have too many of this type of men on our public boards in Dublin, and the time is fast coming when they must clear out. The workers have been too long gulled at election times by catch-cries from so-called patriots and Labour candidates, and it is high time their eyes were opened to the true state of affairs. The working class are beginning, and none too soon, to take an intelligent interest in municipal affairs, and the old "bogies" that has been dangled for years past in their eyes by the ward heesters and ward bosses will work no more.

We are nearing the period when these "bogies" will once more be put forward by the "ward heesters," all of whom are on the look-out for soft jobs in the Corporation. A few weeks more the magic wand of the modern Napoleon will sweep over the city and bogus branches of the U.I.L. will spring forth like mushrooms on a dewy autumn morn. Already the call to arms has been sounded, and as we write, secret conclaves are sitting in several wards, and the decree has gone forth that some retiring councillors are to be opposed, for the simple reason that they are antagonistic to the candidature of "the man" who is "to be" the occupant of the Mansion House next year. Some retiring councillors who are favourable to "the man's" candidature are not to be opposed, although these self-same councillors are "waiting, weary waiting," for their turn to "rake in the shekels."

We have arrived at a time for plain speaking on this question of Municipal Elections. It is the bounden duty of the working class in Dublin to take a more intelligent interest than they have hitherto done at each January election. It is their apathy and indifference at each recurring election that has made the Dublin Corporation what it is to-day, and it will remain so, so long as the workers refuse to exercise the franchise, or exercise it indifferently. The Trade and Labour Movement in the city is entitled to a fair share of municipal representation, but so long as the majority of the workers in each ward vote for the whiskey and margarine ring, and slum owners, so long will they be denied that representation in the Council, to which they are justly entitled.

What is wanted in the Dublin Corporation and the other public boards of the city is honest, straightforward labour men, not like the old gang who got into the Corporation some years ago on the labour ticket. We have had too much of the Cox, Clarke, Leahy and Farrell type of labour representatives. Lord Mayor Farrell is one of the old labour representatives of eleven years ago. If our memory serves us right, he and one other are the only remaining so-called labour men of that period. Cox, after being knocked out of the Merchants Quay Ward some years ago, very quickly got a good job as Clerk of Works at the Roundwood Waterworks. Joe Clarke, in addition to providing some of his relations with good jobs, has succeeded in recently securing a fat "sit" under the Technical Department, while Leahy adorns the bench in William street, known as the Lord Mayor's Court, drawing a comfortable stipend annually. The Labour Movement will have to steer clear of such "play-boys" in future.

It was men of the Cox, Clarke, and Farrell type, that brought the Labour Movement in this city into contempt, by their actions. We are living now in a more enlightened age, nevertheless it behoves the workers to be on their guard and steer clear of such representatives in future. Next January contests will take place for councillors in twenty wards in the city, and in ten of these genuine labour representatives should be put forward. Will the workers in these ten wards rise to the occasion, or will they still allow themselves to be misrepresented by the Mahers, James's, Dwyers, Shortalls, Ryans, Roomeys, Hutchinsons, O'Mearas, Bradleys, and the rest? The time has come for the workers to assert themselves. In January they will be given an opportunity of showing the worth that is in them by returning to the Municipal Council men of their own class. Let us hope they will take advantage of the

opportunities afforded them, and put an end once and for all, to the shams and hypocrites that at present misrepresent them in the Municipal Council.

The Trinity Ward has four representatives in the Corporation. Three of these voted for the increase of £200 a year to the Secretary of the Lighting Committee on Monday last, and also to make next year's Lord Mayor a present of £2,000. The names of the precious trio are as follows:—EX-Lord Mayor, Ald. Gerald O'Reilly; ex-Lord Mayor, Michael Doyle; and ex-High Sheriff, Robert Bradley, J.P. The latter retires by rotation in January next and we hope he will not be allowed to steal back the same way as he did some years ago. Our friend Bradley has never yet faced the music in Trinity Ward, and it is high time now he should be called to account for his actions. We admire decent labour representatives, but from representatives of the Bradley type—Good Lord deliver us.

IN GAELIC FIELDS.

By "Observer."

With the commencement of the Football League Competitions the Dublin Gaelic Football Season practically opens. This year the season opens six weeks later than last year, but the delay is excusable. Only one match was played last Sunday in the Park, but to-morrow the season will be in full swing, when no less than eleven matches will be decided at the Thatch, Drumcondra, Rialto, Crumlin, and the Park, a list of which I give below. Chief interest will naturally be centred in the matches at The Thatch and Rialto, where, for the modest sum of three pence, three good matches can be seen.

The Sunday Football League has had a rather chequered career for the past few seasons. This season the Committee started with a deficit of £60 odd, but, in the words of the Hon. Sec., "the Committee hope to convert this into a credit balance ere this seasons competitions are concluded." It does not suit to be too optimistic at times, but on this occasion I am inclined to agree with Hon. Secretary. If the officers and committee exercise the same careful management as was the case last year, I am firmly convinced that the League will witness a return of that prosperity which marked its earlier years.

During the eleven years of its existence the League has done good work in popularising Gaelic Football amongst the youth of the city. To stem the current of Anglicisation, caused by the inrush of foreign games, especially Soccer Football, has been the chief object of the League. When the League was launched, close on twelve years ago, there were very few Gaelic football clubs in Dublin. To-day there are numerous clubs scattered all over the city, and new ones are springing up every week, and this season over sixty teams are competing in the various competitions of the League.

The big deficit which the Committee has to meet this season has been staring them in the face for the past four years, and is due to the bad weather which the Committee experienced in bringing off their matches. Another factor which contributed to the deficit was the meagre share of patronage accorded to the League fixtures for some years past, by the general public. During the past couple of years I have seen important and exciting matches played at Jones' Road and the Thatch grounds in presence of a handful of spectators. It is to be hoped that the same state of affairs will not prevail this season, and that the public will give the League games a share of their patronage during the coming year. When I speak of the general public I refer to the working class, who, after all, are the mainstay of democratic organisations, such as the G. A. A. The G. A. A. is composed of men all belonging to the working class, and it is on the latter they must depend for their support. I earnestly hope they will give that support to the League during the season now opening.

Owing to the railway strike delay has been occasioned in bringing off this year's Leinster Hurling and Football Finals. The Hurling Final has now been definitely fixed for to-morrow at Maryborough, while the Football Final will be played at Jones' road to-morrow week. As my readers are aware, the Hurling Final lies between Dublin and Kilkenny; while Meath and Kilkenny are the finalists in football. Everything points to a dual victory for the Marble County representatives. In connection with the Hurling Final to-morrow a special train will leave Kingsbridge at 11.30 o'clock for Maryborough, returning at 6.30, the return fare being 2s. 6d.

Brieflets.—The replay of the 1910-11 Intermediate Football League Final will take place at the Thatch ground to-morrow.—Two important junior matches will also be played there, viz., Fingallians (Swords) v. Shilmalliers (Shankhill), and Stephens v. Knights.—The latter match will be played at 11.30, and Final at 12.45, and the other match at 2.—The charge of admission is only threepence.—To get to the Thatch, take the Whitehall tram at College Green, and when you get out at Whitehall, keep on straight for about ten minutes, and there you are.—Three matches are also fixed for Rialto ground, on the Canal.—To get there you don't take the Canal boat, but if you don't wish to take William Martin Murphy's tram to Rialto bridge from the Pillar you can walk it.—A penny a match, or threepence the lot,

is the charge here also.—The first match is Boyle O'Reilly's Shamrocks, 11.30; the second is Foxrock Geraldines v. Clan Tir, at 12.45, and the third is Dolphins v. Foxrock Geraldines, B. Team, at 2 o'clock.—Four matches will be played on the Fifteen Acres, two on No. 1 ground and a similar number on No. 2.—The starting time is 12 o'clock on No. 1 and 11.30 on No. 2 ground.—Two Camogieheacht, or ladies' hurling matches, were played at Richmond Hill, Rathmines, on Sunday last.—Between four and five hundred spectators were present, all of whom were delighted with the games.—Kevin's defeated Glanmalurys by 2 goals to 1; while Crokes defeated St. Margarets by 3 goals to 1.

IREMS.—The 1911 Leinster Senior Football Final between Meath and Kilkenny will be played at Jones' road to-morrow week.—The St. Margarets defeated Lord Edwards in the Junior B. Grade of the Football League in the Park on Sunday last by 4-2 to nil.—Thirty delegates were present at the Football League meeting on Monday night last at 68 Upr. O'Connell street.—The Croke F.C., one of our go-ahead city clubs, has secured new premises at 13 Capel street, where new members can join any night.—The recent railway strike dislocated all arrangements made by the various Councils of the G.A.A.—As a result the All-Ireland Championship will be delayed this year.—The Annual Meeting of the St. Patrick's F.C. (Drumcondra) was held this week.—The interesting announcement was made by the chairman of the meeting that the St. Patricks had won three sets of medals and two cups last season.—The Grattan F.C. (Inchicore) has expelled one of its members for "blacklegging" during the railway strike.—An old-time football club, the Dean Swifts, is being re-organised.

BEER AND THE BOBBY.

TO THE EDITOR IRISH WORKER.

DEAR SIR,—I enclose copy of letter sent to Herald and Telegraph on last Thursday which they failed to publish. I would feel grateful if you would publish same in your IRISH WORKER this week. I have witnesses to prove this constable was drunk; and if you wish, prior to your publishing this letter, if you have any doubt, you can ring me up at any time at —, and I will be able to show you by my testimonials that I am a respectable citizen. Thanking you in anticipation, I am, yours sincerely,

P.A.M.

The following is the letter referred to by our correspondent. It may be of interest to our readers to learn that Constable 70C, whom we charged with being drunk on duty in Henry street on Tuesday, August 22nd, has since been dismissed from the force.

"Dublin, 9th October, 1911.

DEAR SIR,—About 9.30 p.m. on Wednesday night last I was standing on the path outside Mrs. Quinn's in Bath avenue, talking to a friend, when P.C. 69E came up and asked me where I lived. I told him, and then he wanted to know what brought me to Bath avenue. I forgot to mention that I live on the north side of the city, and, furthermore, told this constable I came there to see a friend. He said I didn't, but that I was standing at the corner in Bath avenue with a lot of corner boys. I denied this, and he then caught me by the shoulder, shook me, and pushed me before him, and told me he "was bringing me to Irishtown police station for behaving like a blackguard." He also said "I'll kick the ribs out of you, me boyo." He did not bring me to Irishtown police station, however, but only went as far as Havelock square, and gave me a lecture on how to behave myself; and this policeman, who is supposed to see that no respectable person should be interfered with, takes the law into his own hands; and let me impress upon the public I could not understand this gentleman in blue, as he was drunk. Another friend of mine happened to be passing by, and, having inquired of me what was to do, he told the constable I was not with the corner boys, or did not even know any of them; and even after my friend verified my statement he told me to go home, and the next time he saw me in Bath avenue "it wouldn't go well with me."

Now, Mr. Editor, I go to Bath avenue for a walk once or twice a week, and I cannot for the life of me see why this constable should interfere with me; and it is high time that the authorities would take the matter in hand and see that peaceful citizens should not be interfered with.

Now, this constable on this night was drunk, and I challenge him to deny it. There is a society for the prevention of cruelty to animals; why not have one for the protection of the people from drunken policemen.

With best wishes for the success of THE IRISH WORKER,

Yours,

P.A.M."

GET YOUR TOBACCO FROM "An Tobacadoir" (GOGAN), 184a GREAT PARNELL STREET (Great Britain Street). One Door from Dominick Street.

JAMES LARKIN, Plain and Fancy Baker, 72 MEATH ST., DUBLIN. Pure Wholesale and Butter Milk Squares a speciality. THE WORKERS' BAKER. Ask for LARKIN'S LOAF.

YOU CAN'T AFFORD TO LOOK OLD!

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